

SEVEN YEARS AGO  
AND TO-DAY

Then He Had 6 Mules, \$660  
Cash and Some Equity—Today  
He Has \$20,000 and Owns  
2 Sections of Land.

The story of the wealth of Western Canada cannot be told too often; the truth will bear repeating. And in telling of it it is hoped that advantage will be taken of the great opportunities that Western Canada offers by those who are today struggling for a mere existence, by those who are occupying lands, high in price and high in rentals.

From grain, live stock and dairying in 1916, there was a return from the three Prairie Provinces of \$258,000,000, or an increase of four million dollars over 1915, and 118 million dollars over 1914.

A prominent Trust Company says: Some of our contract holders have paid off their purchase money on lands bought a year ago out of this year's crop, and what one man can do another can do. Thousands of Southern Alberta farmers harvested an average of 40 to 50 bushels of No. 1 wheat to the acre. These farmers have more real money to spend than any other people on the American Continent. J. D. Johnston of Bladsworth, Sask., left Johnson County, Kansas, seven years ago. When he left he had \$660 in cash, six mules, some settler's effects and an equity in some prairie land. Mr. Johnston tells his story:

"In my seven years' residence in Saskatchewan, I have raised seven good crops the value of this year's crop alone being Twenty thousand dollars. I now own Two Sections of improved land, 17 horses and mules, 40 cattle, a large steam thrasher and a full line of farm machinery."

We have made five trips to Kansas, one trip to the Pacific Coast and return. We have enjoyed the society of a class of people than whom none better can be found. The climate is healthful and invigorating. The soil is fertile and productive, well adapted for the production of the best quality and large yields of all cereals and vegetables, wild and tame grasses. It is an excellent stock country."

The question of taxes is one that carries with it considerable weight. Coming from a man like Mr. Johnston the same weight should be given the answer. He says:

"The tax system especially commends itself to me as being simple, reasonable and just. All direct taxes are levied on the land at its appraised market value, exclusive of improvements thereon. No tax on personal property. This tends to discourage the holding of lands by speculators who prevent its cultivation or improvement, hoping to realize profits from the enhanced value of their holdings due to the industrial activities of the bona fide settlers. It tends to encourage the settlers to rear substantial improvements upon their land without paying a penny in the form of taxation therefor. It encourages the raising of live stock and the possession of other personal property necessary to the development of the country."

"The laws are well and economically administered. Citizens of the Dominion vote on election of members of parliament and members of the Provincial assembly, while on questions of local improvements and school matters the franchise is exercised by ratepayers, irrespective of citizenship."

"The people are enterprising, school facilities are good. Taxation, just and reasonable. Military service voluntary. Patriotic fervor unsurpassed law and order the rule, and crime the rare exception. It is the land of banks, schools, telephones, grain elevators, broad, fertile acres, good climate, good citizenship and abundant in opportunities for the industrious man or woman of good morals. In short, the land of promise and fulfillment, I know of no better anywhere."

—Advertisement.

## When He Failed.

The pretty girl of the party was bantering the genial bachelor on his reasons for remaining single.

"No-o, I never was exactly disappointed in love," he meditated. "I was more what you might call discouraged. You see, when I was very young I became very much enamored of a young lady of my acquaintance; I was mortally afraid to tell her of my feeling, but at last I screwed up my courage to the proposing point. I said, 'Let's get married.'"

"And she said, 'Good Lord! Who'd have us!'"—Everybody's Magazine.

Roman Eye Balsam is an antiseptic ointment, applied externally and not a "wash." Its healing properties penetrate the inflamed surfaces, providing prompt relief. Adv.

## Dose of His Own Medicine.

"You are not compounding that prescription as I would," remarked the stranger who had dropped in. "Dump in a little of this and a pinch of that."

"What do you mean? Are you a druggist?"

"Nope."

"Then what do you mean by telling me how to run my business?"

"Oh, I'm the manager of the ball team. I notice you in the bleachers occasionally handing me unsolicited advice."

## Ten Minute Classics

Famous Tales and Legends Told in Brief Form

## The Two War-Torn Roads to Lille in Duma's Masterpiece

By J. W. MULLER

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Practically all the fighting on the western front between British and Germans has centered around the region comprising La Bassée, Bethune, Armentières and the little River Lys, all on the two war-torn roads to Lille. Seventy-two years ago Alexandre Dumas made these places famous as the final dramatic scene of his immortal novel, "The Three Musketeers."

A vast storm of rain and wind swept the flat country when D'Artagnan and his friends, Athos, Porthos and Aramis, the three musketeers of Louis XIII, rode out of the town of Bethune, to hold their reckoning with the woman known as Milady, the famous spy and tool of the king's uncomfortably powerful minister, Cardinal Richelieu. Two other horsemen accompanied them. One was an Englishman, Lord de Winter, just arrived in France expressly to aid them. The other was a man known only to Athos, who had added him to the party without introducing him. Immensely tall, this man, who was wrapped in a great red cloak, wore a tight mask and accompanied them in utter silence.

The powerful horses splashed through mud and streams. Their riders crouched headlong, although it was so black that the road could be glimpsed only by momentary illuminations from lightning.

With the wind tearing through their plumes, they passed through Festubert. They skirted the wood of Richebourg. At Herlier they turned to the left and north of Armentières.

In the outskirts of Armentières they drew rein. One of their men, a sentinel, advanced from the shelter of a tree. Dismounting, they followed him to a little, lonely house on the bank of the River Lys, within a hundred yards of a small ferry.

The musketeers ran at the house and broke in. A woman, most beautiful, richly apparelled, faced them with staring eyes.

"We want," said Athos in a terrible voice, "Charlotte Backson, who once was called Comtesse de la Fere and afterward Milady de Winter, baroness of Sheffield. D'Artagnan, it is for you to accuse her first."

"Before God and before man," said D'Artagnan fiercely, "I accuse this woman of having poisoned the girl I loved, Constance Bonacieux."

"We bear witness to this," said Porthos and Aramis.

Lord de Winter advanced. "Before God and man, I accuse this woman of having caused the assassination of the duke of Buckingham at behest of Cardinal Richelieu. That is not all. My brother, who made this woman his heir, died in three hours. Assassin of Buckingham, assassin of my brother, I demand justice upon you!"

"My turn!" cried Athos, his great frame trembling. "I, who truly am Count de la Fere, married this woman when she was a young girl. I gave her my wealth. I gave her my name. And I discovered that she was branded—marked with the fleur-de-lis, the hangman's brand for thieves."

With a wild, futile effort, the woman lifted her head and defied Athos to name the tribunal that had delivered such a sentence.

The man in the red cloak advanced without a sound. Slowly he took off his mask. The woman's countenance became livid. Her hair seemed to rise above her face like something dreadfully alive.

"Help! Help!" she screamed. She tore at the wall as if she would scratch a hole through it for escape. "The executioner of Lille!" came from her suffocating throat. "The executioner of Lille!"

"What is the penalty you demand against this woman?" demanded Athos with hollow voice.

"The punishment of death!" replied the others.

Milady dragged herself toward them on her knees. Without a word, the swordsmen's lackeys seized her and bore her from the house, followed closely by the executioner.

It was midnight. The storm had passed. The houses of Armentières and the skeleton of its high belfry stood black against a slowly rising moon. Low, stunted trees stood along the Lys, like deformed, squatting dwarfs watching the sinister scene.

The executioner bound the woman's hands and feet and carried her to a small boat. Athos handed him a sum of silver. "Here," he said, "is the price of the execution, that it may be plain we act as judges."

"It is correct," answered the executioner. He threw the money into the river.

The boat with its burden, passed to the left shore of the Lys. The others remained on the right bank, where they fell on their knees.

They saw the headman and his victim gain the shore. Their figures stood out as huge black shadows against a horizon tinted redly with the dying storm.

The woman sank to the ground, half kneeling. The executioner raised both

arms slowly, heavily. Moonlight shone dreadfully, for a moment, on a mighty sword. It fell with sudden force.

The executioner of Lille took off his red cloak, spread it on the ground, laid the body in it, and bore it to the boat.

In the middle of the stream, he lifted the burden over the water, and cried aloud: "Let the justice of God be done!" The corpse fell into the river and disappeared.

The four guardsmen rejoined the king at Rochelle, and prepared themselves to suffer the cardinal's vengeance. That he would learn what they had done, was certain. They had reckoned the stakes and were resigned to pay the cost of the game, content that they had settled their accounts with the woman who had crossed their lives so often and to the ruin of so many innocent ones.

D'Artagnan was the first to be arrested and brought before Richelieu. Threatened with the ax, he faced the great soldier-priest boldly and produced a paper which the friends had taken from Milady. The cardinal read: "It is by my order and for the good of the state that the bearer of this has done what has been done."

"RICHELIEU."

It was a paper that Milady had exacted from her master before venturing on the mission to slay Buckingham.

The cardinal pondered. He considered how much a good master might make out of the activity, the courage and the shrewdness of such men as this. On the other hand, he felt some relief like relief at being forever relieved of the dangerous woman who knew too many of his secrets.

He turned to the table and signed a parchment. "It is my death warrant!" thought D'Artagnan. He took it. It was a commission as lieutenant of the king's musketeers.

Alexandre Dumas had been writing plays and stories for 20 years when, in 1844, he produced this novel, which was followed the next year by "The Count of Monte-Cristo." Despite the popularity of the latter, "The Three Musketeers" must rank as his masterpiece. There is nothing in "Monte-Cristo" like the magnificent guardsmen. Both novels suffer from their great author's tendency to melodrama, but the characters of the musketeers make literature of true and high quality.

The plots with which they succeed in foiling the brilliant cardinal are puerile and sometimes absurd; but in every word and action the chief characters are alive. Pugnacious love-making D'Artagnan, wild Athos, dainty, man-slaying Aramis, and cadging, vain, blindly brave Porthos are four prize men of fiction.

The time of the story is 1628-1629. The plot revolves around Richelieu's efforts to ruin the beautiful Anne of Austria, queen of Louis XIII. The musketeers (who really were cavaliers armed with swords) were a legion famous in true history as the king's devoted bodyguard and the cardinal's sworn enemies.

## WHY METEORS CHANGE COLOR

According to Scientists It Is Due to Varying Atmospheres Through Which They Pass.

The earth's atmosphere is now believed to have three fairly distinct strata, the first, extending up to about forty-five miles, having nitrogen as the leading constituent, the second, with its upper limit at 125 miles, being chiefly hydrogen, and the third, at a still greater height, consisting of a very thin gas, which has been named "geocoronium."

Dr. Alfred Wegener has attempted to explain the striking differences of color in meteors or "shooting stars" and says that meteors coming from outer space are not sufficiently heated in the exceedingly light gas to become luminous.

Their fall through the hydrogen layer causes them to become incandescent, and before they reach the lowest stratum most of them are completely dissipated. A few of the largest, however, penetrate the nitrogen atmosphere, a very small number reaching the earth's surface.

It is found that the deep-falling meteors pass through three stages of color—yellow-white, green and deep red—and it is concluded that the green is due to incandescence of the hydrogen and the red to that of the nitrogen.

Only the first stage is seen in the quickly dissipated meteors, the white, yellow or sometimes reddishness being evidently the glow of the meteor substance.

## Uncle Eben.

"Patriotism," said Uncle Eben, "is what some men talk so much about but they don't leave themselves time enough to work for it."

Temperance  
Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

## PERSONAL RIGHTS.

Replying to the "personal liberty" argument of the wets, Clinton N. Howard, who is characterized as one of the bomb-throwers in the prohibition ranks, puts it this way:

"You have a personal right to eat putrid meat; I have no right to sell it. If your hog dies a natural death, or with the cholera, you have a personal right to grind it up into sausage and eat it; but you have no right to offer it for public sale. A man has a personal right to corn his dead mule and serve it on his own table. You have as good a right to eat your cat as I have my chicken, or your dog as I have my pig. The Chinese in New York have a dog feast at their New Year's celebration and the police have never interfered with their personal right. But if you opened a meat market and skinned dogs and cats and exposed horse sausage for public sale the meat inspector would confiscate the entire supply, close up the place as a public nuisance and arrest you for selling what you had a personal right to eat."

"We have a law against the sale of impure literature. We do not say that a man shall not read it, even though that may harm him; because it is his personal right to damage his own character and corrupt his own mind; but if he opens a shop for the dissemination and sale of such literature to corrupt the youth of the community, society steps in and interferes—not with his personal liberty to read what he likes, but with his social right to sell that which corrupts public morals. Under this law tons of impure literature, licentious post cards and immoral books are seized and destroyed every year, without compensation to their owners; indeed, they are prosecuted and fined or jailed for the offense against public morality and decency. That is prohibition."

## MORE AND BETTER.

The argument that the workingman will lose his job if the liquor traffic is abolished is based upon the absurd proposition that, if the liquor dealer fails to get the money now spent for beer and whisky, nobody else will get it.

It is assumed that the farmer who now sells his grain and grapes, his apples and cherries, to the liquor interests will be compelled to destroy them; when the fact is that figures furnished by the United States government clearly indicate that the ability of the American farmer to raise enough grain to adequately supply this country is gradually decreasing. To listen to the defender of the saloon, one would think that nobody likes grapes and cherries and apples, unless they come in form of booze. There are millions of youngsters who would be delighted to have at least one chance to eat all the fruit they really need.—Charles Stetzel, Member of Machinists' Union, and Secretary of Church and Labor Department of Presbyterian Church.

## MODERATE DRINKING.

The degeneration due to the so-called "moderate" consumption of alcohol is very similar to senile decay. In the opinion of Prof. G. Sims Woodhead, M. A., M. D., F. R. C. P., F. R. S. E., of England.

"Alcoholic degeneration, however," Professor Woodhead points out, "does not proceed equally in every part of the body. The weaker tissues are first attacked and the patient gives way at the weak link of the chain."

"Alcohol calls upon the reserve strength which ought to be held like a balance at the bank to meet sudden and unexpected emergencies. If you have such a physical reserve, you are able to tide over emergencies and wear out gradually, but if you let alcohol withdraw your balance, exhausting your reserve, you may become a physical bankrupt at any moment."

## LET GO!

The story is told of a man who one night fell over a cliff. Thinking that bottom was hundreds of feet below, he clung to the edge as long as he could, crying for help. When, exhausted, he let go, he found that the good firm road was only a few inches under his feet.

Some there are who cling to the liquor traffic imagining that to let go means a drop into industrial chaos. But community after community has tried letting go of it. No disaster has followed. The good sound road of industry furnishes firm footing for all, individuals or communities, who let go of booze. And the drop to it is so short as to scarcely be noticeable by those who muster up courage to take it.—The Liberator.

## "NO, THANK YOU," LEAGUE.

Sacramento has a "No Thank You" league, the members of which pledge themselves "not to take an intoxicating drink in a saloon at another's invitation or expense" and each member wears a "No Thank You" button.

## TWO VOTES.

"Two men went up to the ballot box. The one a Christian, the other a bloat. One held in his hand the Word of God. The other a license to sell forty-rod. And the angel looked down in grief and shame. For the ballots they cast were exactly the same."



For either brain  
or muscle

Baker's  
Cocoa

is refreshing.

"Cocoa contains

more nourish-  
ment than beef."

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.  
ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.



## Real Experience.

"Yes," said a traveling man, "I was once out of sight of land on the Atlantic ocean twenty-one days."

Another man spoke up: "On the Pacific ocean one time I didn't see land for twenty-nine days."

A bald man knocked the ashes from his cigar and contributed his bit:

"I started to cross the Kaw river at Topeka in a skiff once," he said, "and was out of sight of land before I reached the other side."

"What!" demanded the man who had spun the first yarn. "The Kaw is not more than three hundred feet wide at Topeka."

"Quite true," said the bald man quietly. "The skiff turned over and I sank twice."

GIRLS! GIRLS! TRY IT,  
BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR

Make It Thick, Glossy, Wavy, Luxuriant and Remove Dandruff—Real Surprise for You.

Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a "Danderine hair cleanse." Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt and excessive oil and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair.

Besides beautifying the hair at once, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair.

But what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use when you will actually see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes, but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair and lots of it, surely get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and just try it. Adv.

## New Meter Successful.

The latest development in metering appliances is a coal meter built on the principle of a water or gas meter. This instrument was devised primarily to measure the coal consumption of factory boiler rooms, but it may find a wider application on a smaller scale. It operates on the same principle as a water meter, the stream of broken coal pouring down a chute and turning an inclosed vane. The meter can also be used for grain, according to the inventor. Its use on coal was entirely successful.

Canada's Liberal Offer of  
Wheat Land to Settlers

is open to you—to every farmer or farmer's son who is anxious to establish for himself a happy home and prosperity. Canada's hearty invitation this year is more attractive than ever. Wheat is much higher but her fertile farm land just as cheap, and in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta:

160 Acre Homesteads Are Actually Free to Settlers and Other Land Sold at from \$15 to \$20 per Acre. The great demand for Canadian Wheat will keep up the price. Where a farmer can get near \$2 for wheat and raise 20 to 45 bushels to the acre he is bound to make money—that's what you can expect in Western Canada. Wonderful yields also of Oats, Barley and Flax. Mixed Farming in Western Canada is fully as profitable as any industry in grain raising.

The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, churches, markets convenient, climate excellent. Military service is not compulsory in Canada but there is a unusual demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to

W. S. NETHERY, Room 82, Interurban Sta. Bldg., Columbus, O.  
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